[1903]

My Robt,

This is written under some difficulties - very cold, a pencil seems the only thing available. I ought to be dressing for dinner. Nothing changed here. One day is like another. I don't know what they expect. Send me your address, & I will write a real proper letter. Take care of the elongated back. Give Aster my affectionate respects. I go to the French play with Susan & Mr. Washington. It is an experiment: I have never spent 5 minutes alone with Susan in my life.

Goodbye, my Violet -
your Granny's claws are
petrified cold.

E. A.S.

Please ask Hester L. to supply me
with a God quick - not the
Christian God. Sp: Blessings.

1903

My woman,

If sends real pongs
through my heart to take
things from your dear hands.
Nessa produced your envelope
this morning - & I said
'Dont tell me its more than a
letter or effection.' But inside
was a round hard substance,
as might have been a
heart of flesh, but turned out
to be some thing translated into
fold & pearls. The blessings
of friendship are indeed far

beyond the Gold & pearls of
this planet- Nevertheless
Sparrow pins one outside & keys
the other close locked within
my dear woman. It is full
of infinite tenderness & sentiment
to me - it has a certain
pathos, as though it had
held the hair of long dead
Sparrows & Violets- & now it
shall descend to the illegitimate
as a pledge that their mother
had the friendship of very
respectable women once.
It is already doing a kind
of Herter Lyttelton duty among

the tangled overgrowth of my
bosom, holding benches of dirty
lace & unexpected progeny of
chemises &c.

I have had to confute the
Christian religion to night,
& though that has been well
done, my thoughts dont flow as
easy as usual.

Will you name a day, to
meet the two Taylor children.
who are too strong taken pure
but mixed with V.D. will go
down smooth. Really it is
the kind of tea party one
doesn't have often in this
world, so screw yourself up,
& Come & Bless your loving to the on
Ls Bosom.

11-9

2-7-9

NYPL

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

1903

My child,

I will come with joy on Friday, but it grieves me to think that your work are early. I see they want a good licking by the Revised Spanish- poor Beast. I think it is about legal for the Holy State- My Copy is very chipped & part ~~Copy~~ written by hand, so I got it cheap. I will bring it along with me- & the Bookseller's list. I have to

got anything to say but I
am going in part to show you I
can spoil clean sheets, like a
thorough Grubstreeter – which is
what I shall come to.
You are a carping Rake – NYPL
to imitate your sparrow
peculiarities. Anybody can
write half a sheet, but can
any body cram in the most of
pure hot affection that I do?
And it's not appreciated – only
imitated & ridiculed, typical
of so much in my life. I
cant write a line because my
head is smelt out with
heavy as Mimosa, sent from

New York by a Lady admirer of
father.

Cream is carrying on awful.
She won't come here, which is
so suspicious, but makes what
you call assignations at her
house. #

Tell Beatrice that Rothenstein
has asked her to make a
drawing of father; it is coming
here for sitting so we shall
be make conversation over
her bones.

P.T.O.

Have you any stays?
I tried to sew mine through
this morning - but couldn't -
what iron boned conveniences
we live in - Stays suggest
many lovely thoughts. but
the Letters are going,
But I've covered all
Sheets, & now you know
what it is like you want
no late Sparrs again -
I write kick you tenderly
Yr Lyn

NYPL

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3, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN, W. C.

1903?

flirting with old Hanna? Does she let on the q the had go off she had me – he was, & then I had accepted at father emerges her children might have inherited this. 'So lucky I didn't' Such a strange business Buckworth foreigh[t] Sparrow.

My woman,

If you come you can go & see your sweet first. Then reserve the other for the hire. The other hire is spilling with desire to discuss the Studio, which is realised tomorrow – Sparrow says its a question of D.V. whether she's in for tea tomorrow. Meyer set on her doorstep. Uncle dying – in fact dead for the moment flesh indispensable – dressmaker incompetent – Sparrow not what you call a strict woman of business. But Hell! Let take up the embers of my burnt heart – they are gone –

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sterling with Mrs Henna. Does she let on that she has offered me the situation – she was to have accepted me, & then I had accepted her children might have inherited this.

'So lucky I didn't fall a stranger heiress, like Duckworth's foreigner – Spanny.

My woman,

If you come at 4:30 you can go & see father first. Then reserve your energies for the heiress. The other heiress is splitting with Studio, which is realized tomorrow – to discuss the question of D.V. Spanny says it's a question of whether she's in for tea tomorrow. Meyerstein sits on her doorstep. Uncle dying – in mourning for his flesh indispensable – Mrs Mackay incompetent – Spanny not what you call a strict woman of business. But Hellcat takes up the embers of my burnt heart – why are you

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

1903

My woman,

Spanroy blessing always on the house & heath, a bottle a champagne over it. Good riddance too — do for feel that for have settled down to pure four remaining days among cows & cracksmen. Dont get too proud & simple minded — too poor to associate with the battered Spanroy. What does it feel like sleeping the first night in a house one has built — solemn? Is the

London divine now? Even
London streets are like London
today – so fun must
be walking fields of
amaranth & asphodel –
Do you see that there are
40 illegit. to every 100 legal
births? Doesn't it make
you feel nervous – the risk
of being wrong seems to be
enormously increased – inject
inevitable practically,
since I read that
Plant a flower for Sparrow-
Heartsease or Forgetmenot, or
something that climbs & is

Evergreen, typical of much.
Sparrey's Tendril-heart. for instance
A fruitful vine for Katie—
What a start in life that
child will have—
Keep your own heart green a
tender at least in that
corner where Sparrey is planted—
An old Lady in Surrey is
letting us her house—where
exactly I dont know. We
probably go, if we come to
terms, on 16th.
Tell me what you do, if it
you feel a good woman.
Spring in the country is like a
clean bath. I let down anew
into the bosom of my God once a
year. a God half Katie &
some rakish old Pagan, like you

Blessings on the hoary,
my Violet – who is a kind
of home for the orphaned
& widows. herself. flower grown too
soon.